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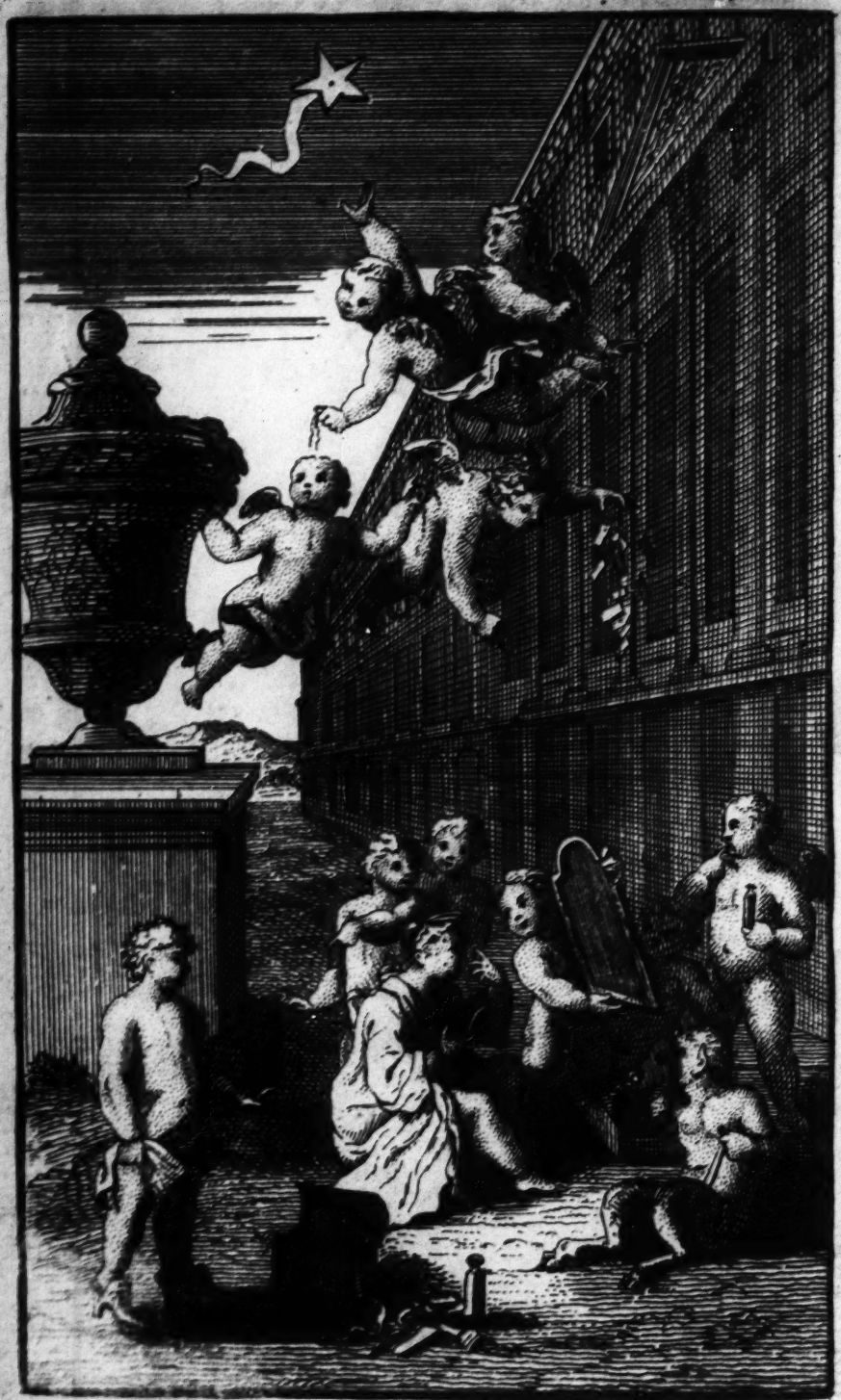
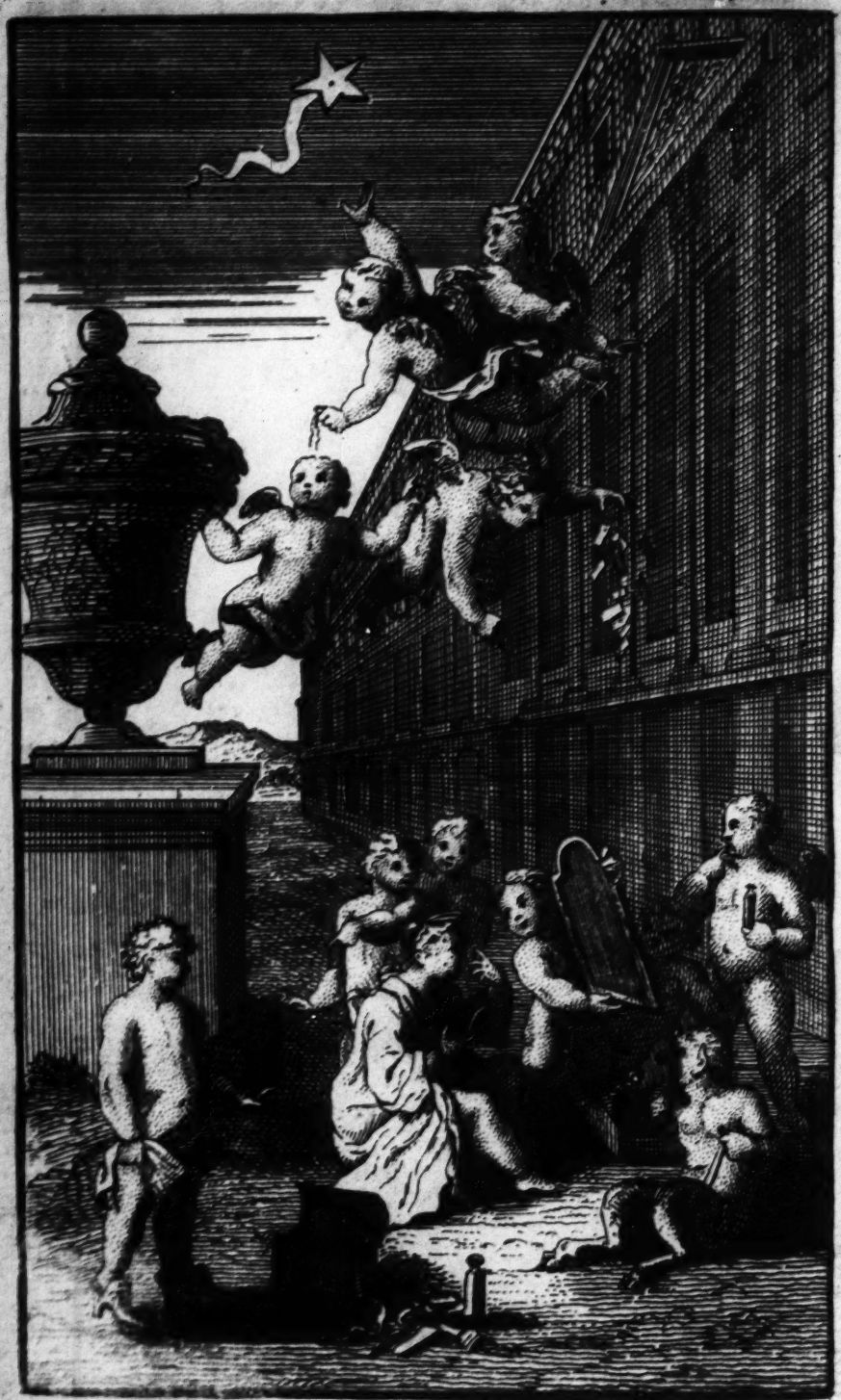


Lud. Du Guernier inv. *C. Du Bosc sculp.*

Frontispice.



Lud. Du Guernier inv. *C. Du Bosc sculp.*

THE
RAPE of the *LOCK.*

AN
HEROI-COMICAL
POEM.

In FIVE CANTO's.

Written by Mr. POPE.

——*A tonſo eſt hoc nomen adepta capillo.*
OVID.

LONDON:
Printed for BERNARD LINTOTT, at the
Croſs-Keys in *Fleetſtreet.* 1714.

TO

Mrs. *ARABELLA FERMOR.*

MADAM,

I will be in vain to deny that I have ſome Value for this Piece, ſince I Dedicate it to You. Yet You may bear me Witneſs, it was intended only to divert a few young

Ladies, who have good Senſe and good Humour enough, to laugh not only at their Sex's little unguarded Follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the Air of a Secret, it ſoon found its Way into the World. An imperfect Copy having been offer'd to a Bookſeller, You had the Good-Nature for my Sake to conſent to the Publication of one more correct: This I was forc'd to before I had executed half my Deſign, for the *Machinery* was entirely wanting to compleat it.

The *Machinery*, Madam, is a Term invented by the Criticks, to ſignify that Part which the Deities, Angels, or Dæmons, are made to act in a Poem: For the ancient Poets are in one reſpect like many

many modern Ladies; Let an Action be never ſo trivial in it ſelf, they always make it appear of the utmoſt Importance. Theſe Machines I determin'd to raiſe on a very new and odd Foundation, the *Roſicrucian* Doctrine of Spirits.

I know how diſagreeable it is to make uſe of hard Words before a Lady; but 'tis ſo much the Concern of a Poet to have his Works underſtood, and particularly by your Sex, that You muſt give me leave to explain two or three difficult Terms.

The *Roſicrucians* are a People I muſt bring You acquainted with. The beſt Account I know of them is in a French Book call'd *Le Comte de Gabalis*, which both

both in its Title and Size is ſo like a *Novel*, that many of the Fair Sex have read it for one by Miſtake. According to theſe Gentlemen, the four Elements are inhabited by Spirits, which they call *Sylphs*, *Gnomes*, *Nymphs*, and *Salamanders*. The *Gnomes*, or Dæmons of Earth, delight in Miſchief; but the *Sylphs*, whoſe Habitation is Air, are the beſt-condition'd Creatures imaginable. For they ſay, any Mortals may enjoy the moſt intimate Familiarities with theſe gentle Spirits, upon a Condition very eaſie to all true *Adepts*, an inviolate Preſervation of Chaſtity.

As to the following Canto's, all the Paſſages of them are as Fabulous, as the Viſion at the Beginning, or the Transformation at the End; (except the Loſs of your

your Hair, which I always name with Reverence.) The Human Perſons are as Fictitious as the Airy ones; and the Character of *Belinda*, as it is now manag'd, reſembles You in nothing but in Beauty.

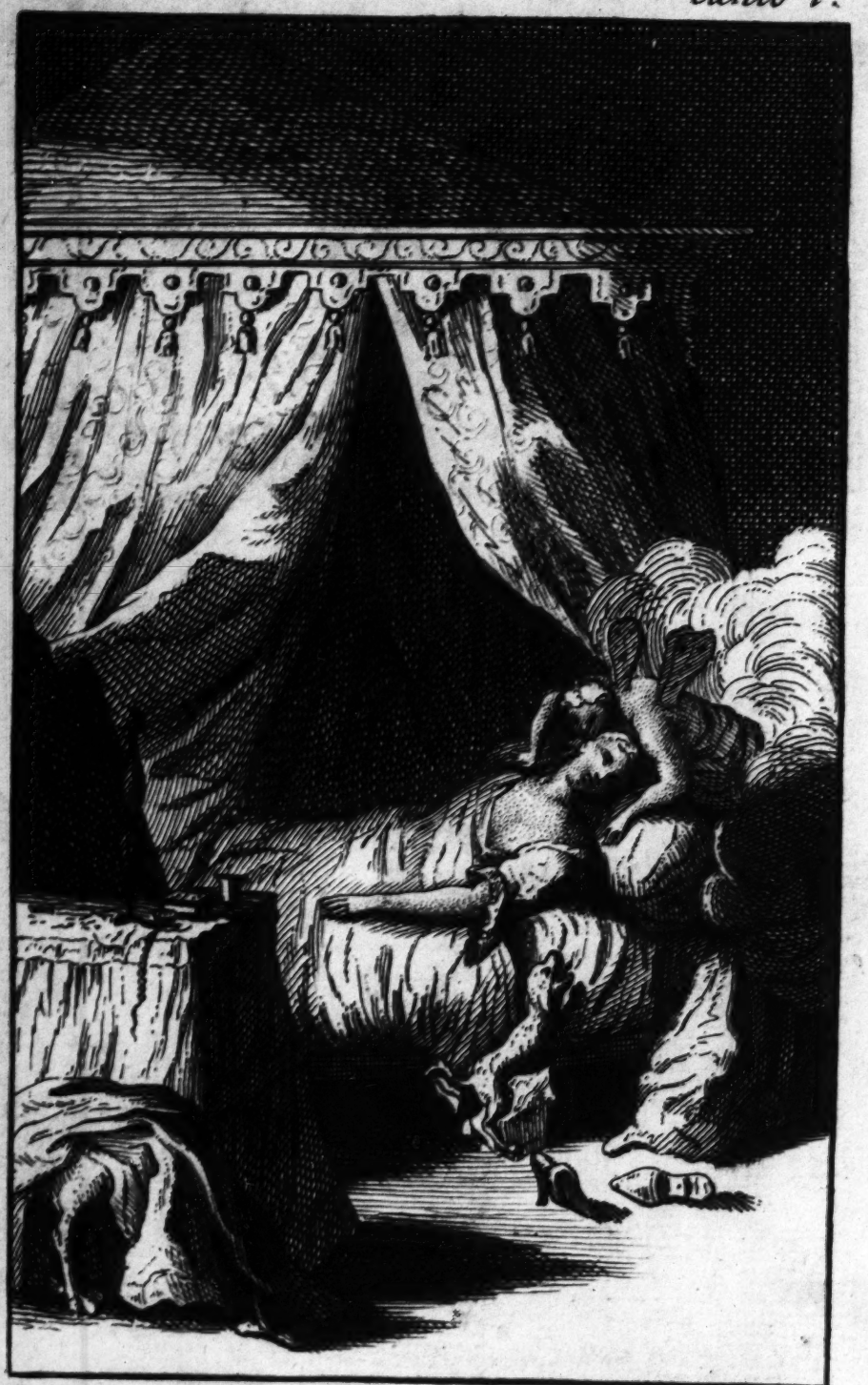
If this Poem had as many Graces as there are in Your Perſon, or in Your Mind, yet I could never hope it ſhould paſs thro' the World half ſo Uncenſured as You have done. But let its Fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this Occaſion of aſſuring You that I am, with the trueſt Eſteem,

Madam,

Your Moſt Obedient

Humble Servant.

A. POPE.



Lud. Du Guernier inv. C. Du Bosc sculp.

THE RAPE *of the* LOCK.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire Offence from am'rous Cauſes ſprings,
What mighty Quarrels riſe from trivial Things,
I ſing —— This Verſe to *C---l*, Muſe! is due;
This, ev'n *Belinda* may vouchſafe to view:
Slight is the Subject, but not ſo the Praiſe,
If She inſpire, and He approve my Lays.

Say what ſtrange Motive, Goddeſs! cou'd compel
A well-bred *Lord* t'aſſault a gentle *Belle?*
Oh ſay what ſtranger Cauſe, yet unexplor'd,
Cou'd make a gentle *Belle* reject a *Lord*?
And dwells ſuch Rage in ſofteſt Boſoms then?
And lodge ſuch daring Souls in Little Men?

Sol thro' white Curtains did his Beams diſplay,
And op'd thoſe Eyes which brighter ſhine than they;
Now *Shock* had giv'n himſelf the rowzing Shake,
And Nymphs prepar'd their *Chocolate* to take;
Thrice the wrought Slipper knock'd againſt the Ground,
And ſtriking Watches the tenth Hour reſound.
Belinda ſtill her downy Pillow preſt,
Her Guardian *Sylph* prolong'd the balmy Reſt.
'Twas he had ſummon'd to her ſilent Bed
The Morning Dream that hover'd o'er her Head.
A Youth more glitt'ring than a *Birth-night Beau*,
(That ev'n in Slumber caus'd her Cheek to glow)
Seem'd

Seem'd to her Ear his winning Lips to lay,
And thus in Whiſpers ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay.

Faireſt of Mortals, thou diſtinguiſh'd Care
Of thouſand bright Inhabitants of Air!
If e'er one Viſion touch'd thy infant Thought,
Of all the Nurſe and all the Prieſt have taught,
Of airy Elves by Moonlight Shadows ſeen,
The ſilver Token, and the circled Green,
Or Virgins viſited by Angel-Pow'rs,
With Golden Crowns and Wreaths of heav'nly [Flow'rs,
Hear and believe! thy own Importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow Views to Things below.
Some ſecret Truths from Learned Pride conceal'd,
To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd:
What tho' no Credit doubting Wits may give?
The Fair and Innocent ſhall ſtill believe.
Know then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly,
The light *Militia* of the lower Sky;

Theſe, tho' unſeen, are ever on the Wing,
Hang o'er the *Box*, and hover round the *Ring*.
Think what an Equipage thou haſt in Air,
And view with ſcorn *Two Pages* and a *Chair*.
As now your own, our Beings were of old,
And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous Mold;
Thence, by a ſoft Tranſition, we repair
From earthly Vehicles to theſe of Air.
Think not, when Woman's tranſient Breath is fled,
That all her Vanities at once are dead:
Succeeding Vanities ſhe ſtill regards,
And tho' ſhe plays no more, o'erlooks the Cards.
Her Joy in gilded Chariots, when alive,
And Love of *Ombre*, after Death ſurvive.
For when the Fair in all their Pride expire,
To their firſt Elements the Souls retire:
The Sprights of fiery Termagants in Flame
Mount up, and take a *Salamander*'s Name.
Soft yielding Minds to Water glide away,
And ſip with *Nymphs*, their Elemental Tea.

The

The graver Prude ſinks downward to a *Gnome*,
In ſearch of Miſchief ſtill on Earth to roam.
The light Coquettes in *Sylphs* aloft repair,
And ſport and flutter in the Fields of Air.

Know farther yet; Whoever fair and chaſte
Rejects Mankind, is by ſome *Sylph* embrac'd:
For Spirits, freed from mortal Laws, with eaſe
Aſſume what Sexes and what Shapes they pleaſe.
What guards the Purity of melting Maids,
In Courtly Balls, and Midnight Maſquerades,
Safe from the treach'rous Friend, and daring Spark,
The Glance by Day, the Whiſper in the Dark;
When kind Occaſion prompts their warm Deſires,
When Muſick ſoftens, and when Dancing fires?
'Tis but their *Sylph*, the wiſe Celeſtials know,
Tho' *Honour* is the Word with Men below.

Some Nymphs there are, too conſcious of their [Face,
For Life predeſtin'd to the *Gnomes* Embrace.

Who ſwell their Proſpects and exalt their Pride,
When Offers are diſdain'd, and Love deny'd.
Then gay Ideas crowd the vacant Brain; [Train,
While Peers and Dukes, and all their ſweeping
And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear,
And in ſoft Sounds, *Your Grace* ſalutes their Ear.
'Tis theſe that early taint the Female Soul,
Inſtruct the Eyes of young *Coquettes* to roll,
Teach Infants Cheeks a bidden Bluſh to know,
And little Hearts to flutter at a *Beau*.

Oft when the World imagine Women ſtray,
The *Sylphs* thro' myſtick Mazes guide their Way,
Thro' all the giddy Circle they purſue,
And old Impertinence expel by new.
What tender Maid but muſt a Victim fall
To one Man's Treat, but for another's Ball?
When *Florio* ſpeaks, what Virgin could withſtand,
If gentle *Damon* did not ſqueeze her Hand?

With varying Vanities, from ev'ry Part,
They ſhift the moving Toyſhop of their Heart;
Where Wigs with Wigs, with Sword-knots Sword-[knots ſtrive,
Beaus baniſh Beaus, and Coaches Coaches drive.
This erring Mortals Levity may call,
Oh blind to Truth! the *Sylphs* contrive it all.

Of theſe am I, who thy Protection claim,
A watchful Sprite, and *Ariel* is my Name.
Late, as I rang'd the Cryſtal Wilds of Air,
In the clear Mirror of thy ruling *Star*
I ſaw, alas! ſome dread Event impend,
E're to the Main this Morning's Sun deſcend.
But Heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warn'd by thy *Sylph*, oh Pious Maid beware!
This to diſcloſe is all thy Guardian can.
Beware of all, but moſt beware of Man!

He ſaid; when *Shock*, who thought ſhe ſlept too[long,
Leapt up, and wak'd his Miſtreſs with his Tongue.

'Twas then *Belinda*! if Report ſay true,
Thy Eyes firſt open'd on a *Billet-doux*;
Wounds, *Charms*, and *Ardors*, were no ſooner read,
But all the Viſion vaniſh'd from thy Head.

And now, unveil'd, the *Toilet* ſtands diſplay'd,
Each Silver Vaſe in myſtic Order laid.
Firſt, rob'd in White, the Nymph intent adores
With Head uncover'd, the *Coſmetic* Pow'rs.
A heav'nly Image in the Glaſs appears,
To that ſhe bends, to that her Eyes ſhe rears;
Th' inferior Prieſteſs, at her Altar's ſide,
Trembling, begins the ſacred Rites of Pride.
Unnumber'd Treaſures ope at once, and here
The various Off'rings of the World appear;
From each ſhe nicely culls with curious Toil,
And decks the Goddeſs with the glitt'ring Spoil.
This Casket *India*'s glowing Gems unlocks,
And all *Arabia* breaths from yonder Box.

The Tortoiſe here and Elephant unite,
Transform'd to *Combs*, the ſpeckled and the white.
Here Files of Pins extend their ſhining Rows,
Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.
Now awful Beauty puts on all its Arms;
The Fair each moment riſes in her Charms,
Repairs her Smiles, awakens ev'ry Grace,
And calls forth all the Wonders of her Face;
Sees by Degrees a purer Bluſh ariſe,
And keener Lightnings quicken in her Eyes.
The buſy *Sylphs* ſurround their darling Care;
Theſe ſet the Head, and thoſe divide the Hair,
Some fold the Sleeve, while others plait the Gown;
And *Betty*'s prais'd for Labours not her own.

THE RAPE *of the* LOCK.

CANTO II.

NOT with more Glories, in th' Etherial Plain,
The Sun first rises o'er the purpled Main,
Than issuing forth, the Rival of his Beams
Lanch'd on the Bosom of the Silver *Thames*.
Fair Nymphs, and well-dreſt Youths around her shone,
But ev'ry Eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white Breast a sparkling *Cross* she wore,
Which *Jews* might kiss, and Infidels adore.

Her

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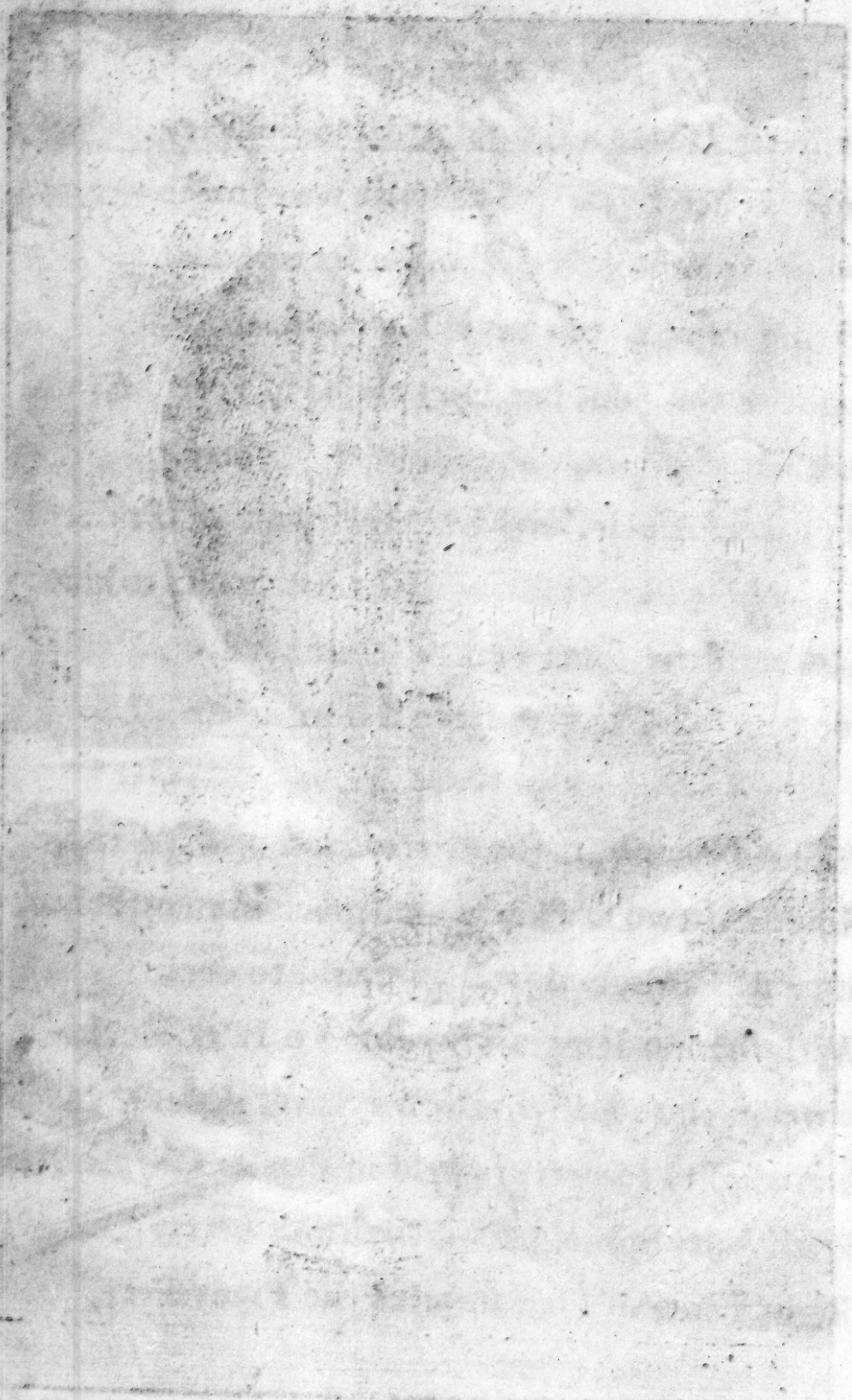

Her lively Looks a ſprightly Mind diſcloſe,
Quick as her Eyes, and as unfix'd as thoſe:
Favours to none, to all ſhe Smiles extends,
Oft ſhe rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the Sun, her Eyes the Gazers ſtrike,
And, like the Sun, they ſhine on all alike.
Yet graceful Eaſe, and Sweetneſs void of Pride,
Might hide her Faults, if *Belles* had Faults to hide:
If to her ſhare ſome Female Errors fall,
Look on her Face, and you'll forget 'em all.

This Nymph, to the Deſtruction of Mankind,
Nouriſh'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal Curls, and well conſpir'd to deck
With ſhining Ringlets her ſmooth Iv'ry Neck.
Love in theſe Labyrinths his Slaves detains,
And mighty Hearts are held in ſlender Chains.
With hairy Sprindges we the Birds betray,
Slight Lines of Hair ſurprize the Finny Prey,

Fair

Fair Treſſes Man's Imperial Race inſnare,
And Beauty draws us with a ſingle Hair.

Th' Adventrous *Baron* the bright Locks admir'd,
He ſaw, he wiſh'd, and to the Prize aſpir'd:
Reſolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By Force to raviſh, or by Fraud betray;
For when Succeſs a Lover's Toil attends,
Few ask, if Fraud or Force attain'd his Ends.

For this, e're *Phœbus* roſe, he had implor'd
Propitious Heav'n, and ev'ry Pow'r ador'd,
But chiefly *Love*---to *Love* an Altar built,
Of twelve vaſt *French* Romances, neatly gilt.
There lay the Sword-knot *Sylvia*'s Hands had ſown,
With *Flavia*'s Buſk that oft had rapp'd his own:
A Fan, a Garter, half a Pair of Gloves;
And all the Trophies of his former Loves.
With tender *Billet-doux* he lights the Pyre,
And breaths three am'rous Sighs to raiſe the Fire.

Then

Then proſtrate falls, and begs with ardent Eyes
Soon to obtain, and long poſſeſs the Prize:
The Pow'rs gave Ear, and granted half his Pray'r,
The reſt, the Winds diſpers'd in empty Air.

But now ſecure the painted Veſſel glides,
The Sun-beams trembling on the floating Tydes,
While melting Muſick ſteals upon the Sky,
And ſoften'd Sounds along the Waters die.
Smooth flow the Waves, the Zephyrs gently play,
Belinda ſmil'd, and all the World was gay.
All but the *Sylph*----With careful Thoughts oppreſs'd
Th' impending Woe ſate heavy on his Breaſt.
He ſummons ſtrait his Denizens of Air;
The lucid Squadrons round the Sails repair:
Soft o'er the Shrouds Aerial Whiſpers breath,
That ſeem'd but *Zephyrs* to the Train beneath.
Some to the Sun their Inſect-Wings unfold,
Waft on the Breeze, or ſink in Clouds of Gold.

Tran-

Tranſparent Forms, too fine for mortal Sight,
Their fluid Bodies half diſſolv'd in Light.
Looſe to the Wind their airy Garments flew,
Thin glitt'ring Textures of the filmy Dew;
Dipt in the richeſt Tincture of the Skies,
Where Light diſports in ever-mingling Dies,
While ev'ry Beam new tranſient Colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their [Wings.
Amid the Circle, on the gilded Maſt,
Superior by the Head, was *Ariel* plac'd;
His Purple Pinions opening to the Sun,
He rais'd his Azure Wand, and thus begun.

Ye *Sylphs* and *Sylphids*, to your Chief give Ear,
Fays, *Fairies*, *Genii*, *Elves*, and *Dæmons* hear!
Ye know the Spheres and various Tasks aſſign'd,
By Laws Eternal, to th' Aerial Kind.
Some in the Fields of pureſt *Æther* play,
And bask and whiten in the Blaze of Day.

Some

Some guide the Courſe of wandring Orbs on high,
Or roll the Planets thro' the boundleſs Sky.
Some leſs refin'd, beneath the Moon's pale Light
Hover, and catch the ſhooting Stars by Night;
Or ſuck the Miſts in groſſer Air below,
Or dip their Pinions in the painted Bow,
Or brew fierce Tempeſts on the wintry Main,
Or on the Glebe diſtill the kindly Rain.
Others on Earth o'er human Race preſide,
Watch all their Ways, and all their Actions guide:
Of theſe the Chief the Care of Nations own,
And guard with Arms Divine the *Britiſh Throne*.

Our humbler Province is to tend the Fair,
Not a leſs pleaſing, tho' leſs glorious Care.
To ſave the Powder from too rude a Gale,
Nor let th' impriſon'd Eſſences exhale,
To draw freſh Colours from the vernal Flow'rs,
To ſteal from Rainbows ere they drop in Show'rs

A brighter Waſh; to curl their waving Hairs,
Aſſiſt their Bluſhes, and inſpire their Airs;
Nay oft, in Dreams, Invention we beſtow,
To change a *Flounce*, or add a *Furbelo*.

This Day, black Omens threat the brighteſt Fair
That e'er deſerv'd a watchful Spirit's Care;
Some dire Diſaſter, or by Force, or Slight,
But what, or where, the Fates have wrapt in Night.
Whether the Nymph ſhall break *Diana*'s Law,
Or ſome frail *China* Jar receive a Flaw,
Or ſtain her Honour, or her new Brocade,
Forget her Pray'rs, or miſs a Maſquerade,
Or loſe her Heart, or Necklace, at a Ball;
Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that *Shock* muſt fall.
Haſte then ye Spirits! to your Charge repair;
The flutt'ring Fan be *Zephyretta*'s Care;
The Drops to thee, *Brillante*, we conſign;
And *Momentilla*, let the Watch be thine;

Do thou, *Criſpiſſa*, tend her fav'rite Lock;
Ariel himſelf ſhall be the Guard of *Shock*.

To Fifty choſen *Sylphs*, of ſpecial Note,
We truſt th' important Charge, the *Petticoat*:
Oft have we known that ſev'nfold Fence to fail,
Tho' ſtiff with Hoops, and arm'd with Ribs of [Whale.
Form a ſtrong Line about the Silver Bound,
And guard the wide Circumference around.

Whatever Spirit, careleſs of his Charge,
His Poſt neglects, or leaves the Fair at large,
Shall feel ſharp Vengeance ſoon o'ertake his Sins,
Be ſtopt in *Vials*, or transfixt with *Pins*;
Or plung'd in Lakes of bitter *Waſhes* lie,
Or wedg'd whole Ages in a *Bodkin's* Eye:
Gums and *Pomatums* ſhall his Flight reſtrain,
While clog'd he beats his ſilken Wings in vain;
Or Alom-*Stypticks* with contracting Power
Shrink his thin Eſſence like a rivell'd Flower.

As *Ixion* fix'd, the Wretch ſhall feel
The giddy Motion of the whirling Mill,
In fumes of burning Chocolate ſhall glow,
And tremble at the Sea that froaths below!

He ſpoke; the Spirits from the Sails deſcend;
Some, Orb in Orb, around the Nymph extend,
Some thrid the mazy Ringlets of her Hair,
Some hang upon the Pendants of her Ear;
With beating Hearts the dire Event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the Birth of Fate.

Lud. Du Guernier inv. C. Du Bosc sculp.

THE RAPE *of the* LOCK.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by those Meads for ever crown'd with [Flow'rs,
Where *Thames* with Pride surveys his rising [Tow'rs,
There stands a Structure of Majestick Frame,
Which from the neighb'ring *Hampton* takes its [Name.
Here *Britain*'s Statesmen oft the Fall foredoom
Of Foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at home;
Here Thou, great *Anna*! whom three Realms obey,
Dost sometimes Counsel take---and sometimes *Tea*.

Hither the Heroes and the Nymphs reſort,
To taſte awhile the Pleaſures of a Court;
In various Talk th' inſtructive hours they paſt,
Who gave a *Ball*, or paid the *Viſit* laſt:
One ſpeaks the Glory of the *Britiſh Queen*,
And one deſcribes a charming *Indian Screen*;
A third interprets Motions, Looks, and Eyes;
At ev'ry Word a Reputation dies.
Snuff, or the *Fan*, ſupply each Pauſe of Chat,
With ſinging, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Mean while declining from the Noon of Day,
The Sun obliquely ſhoots his burning Ray;
The hungry Judges ſoon the Sentence ſign,
And Wretches hang that Jury-men may Dine;
The Merchant from th' *Exchange* returns in Peace,
And the long Labours of the *Toilette* ceaſe ——
Belinda now, whom Thirſt of Fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventrous Knights,

At

At *Ombre* ſingly to decide their Doom;
And ſwells her Breaſt with Conqueſts yet to come.
Strait the three Bands prepare in Arms to join,
Each Band the number of the Sacred Nine.
Soon as ſhe ſpreads her Hand, th' Aerial Guard
Deſcend, and ſit on each important Card:
Firſt *Ariel* perch'd upon a *Matadore*,
Then each, according to the Rank they bore;
For *Sylphs*, yet mindful of their ancient Race,
Are, as when Women, wondrous fond of Place.

Behold, four *Kings* in Majeſty rever'd,
With hoary Whiskers and a forky Beard;
And four fair *Queens* whoſe hands ſuſtain a Flow'r,
Th' expreſſive Emblem of their ſofter Pow'r;
Four *Knaves* in Garbs ſuccinct, a truſty Band,
Caps on their heads, and Halberds in their hand;
And Particolour'd Troops, a ſhining Train,
Draw forth to Combat on the Velvet Plain.

The skilful Nymph reviews her Force with Care;
Let Spades be Trumps, ſhe ſaid, and Trumps they were.
Now move to War her Sable *Matadores*,
In Show like Leaders of the ſwarthy *Moors*.
Spadillio firſt, unconquerable Lord!
Led off two captive Trumps, and ſwept the Board.
As many more *Manillio* forc'd to yield,
And march'd a Victor from the verdant Field.
Him *Baſto* follow'd, but his Fate more hard
Gain'd but one Trump and one *Plebeian* Card.
With his broad Sabre next, a Chief in Years,
The hoary Majeſty of *Spades* appears;
Puts forth one manly Leg, to ſight reveal'd;
The reſt his many-colour'd Robe conceal'd.
The Rebel-*Knave*, that dares his Prince engage,
Proves the juſt Victim of his Royal Rage.
Ev'n mighty *Pam* that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down Armies in the Fights of *Lu*,
Sad Chance of War! now, deſtitute of Aid,
Falls undiſtinguiſh'd by the Victor *Spade*!

Thus

Thus far both Armies to *Belinda* yield;
Now to the *Baron* Fate inclines the Field.
His warlike *Amazon* her Hoſt invades,
Th' Imperial Conſort of the Crown of *Spades*.
The *Club's* black Tyrant firſt her Victim dy'd,
Spite of his haughty Mien, and barb'rous Pride:
What boots the Regal Circle on his Head,
His Giant Limbs in State unwieldy ſpread?
That long behind he trails his pompous Robe,
And of all Monarchs only graſps the Globe?

The *Baron* now his *Diamonds* pours apace;
Th' embroider'd *King* who ſhows but half his Face,
And his refulgent *Queen*, with Pow'rs combin'd,
Of broken Troops an eaſie Conqueſt find.
Clubs, *Diamonds*, *Hearts*, in wild Diſorder ſeen,
With Throngs promiſcuous ſtrow the level Green.
Thus when diſpers'd a routed Army runs,
Of *Aſia's* Troops, and *Africk's* Sable Sons,

With like Confuſion different Nations fly,
In various Habits and of various Dye,
The pierc'd Battalions diſ-united fall,
In Heaps on Heaps; one Fate o'erwhelms them all.

The *Knave* of *Diamonds* now exerts his Arts,
And wins (oh ſhameful Chance!) the *Queen* of *Hearts*.
At this, the Blood the Virgin's Cheek forſook,
A livid Paleneſs ſpreads o'er all her Look;
She ſees, and trembles at th' approaching Ill,
Juſt in the Jaws of Ruin, and *Codille*.
And now, (as oft in ſome diſtemper'd State)
On one nice *Trick* depends the gen'ral Fate,
An *Ace* of Hearts ſteps forth: The *King* unſeen
Lurk'd in her Hand, and mourn'd his captive *Queen*.
He ſprings to Vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like Thunder on the proſtrate *Ace*.
The Nymph exulting fills with Shouts the Sky,
The Walls, the Woods, and long Canals reply.

Oh

Oh thoughtleſs Mortals! ever blind to Fate,
Too ſoon dejected, and too ſoon elate!
Sudden theſe Honours ſhall be ſnatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this Victorious Day.

For lo! the Board with Cups and Spoons is [crown'd,
The Berries crackle, and the Mill turns round.
On ſhining Altars of *Japan* they raiſe
The ſilver Lamp, and fiery Spirits blaze.
From ſilver Spouts the grateful Liquors glide,
And *China*'s Earth receives the ſmoking Tyde.
At once they gratify their Scent and Taſte,
While frequent Cups prolong the rich Repaſt.
Strait hover round the Fair her Airy Band;
Some, as ſhe ſip'd, the fuming Liquor fann'd,
Some o'er her Lap their careful Plumes diſplay'd,
Trembling, and conſcious of the rich Brocade.
Coffee, (which makes the Politician wiſe,
And ſee thro' all things with his half ſhut Eyes)

Sent

Sent up in Vapours to the *Baron*'s Brain
New Stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.
Ah ceaſe raſh Youth! deſiſt e'er 'tis too late,
Fear the juſt Gods, and think of * *Scylla*'s Fate!
Chang'd to a Bird, and ſent to flit in Air,
She dearly pays for *Niſus*' injur'd Hair!

But when to Miſchief Mortals bend their Mind,
How ſoon fit Inſtruments of Ill they find?
Juſt then, *Clariſſa* drew with tempting Grace
A two-edg'd Weapon from her ſhining Caſe;
So Ladies in Romance aſſiſt their Knight,
Preſent the Spear, and arm him for the Fight.
He takes the Gift with rev'rence, and extends
The little Engine on his Finger's Ends,
This juſt behind *Belinda*'s Neck he ſpread,
As o'er the fragrant Steams ſhe bends her Head:
Swift to the Lock a thouſand Sprights repair,
A thouſand Wings, by turns, blow back the Hair,

* *Vide* Ovid. Metam. 8;

And

And thrice they twitch'd the Diamond in her Ear,
Thrice ſhe look'd back, and thrice the Foe drew near.
Juſt in that inſtant, anxious *Ariel* ſought
The cloſe Receſſes of the Virgin's Thought;
As on the Noſegay in her Breaſt reclin'd,
He watch'd th' Ideas riſing in her Mind,
Sudden he view'd, in ſpite of all her Art,
An Earthly Lover lurking at her Heart.
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his Pow'r expir'd,
Reſign'd to Fate, and with a Sigh retir'd.

The Peer now ſpreads the glitt'ring *Forfex* wide,
T'incloſe the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal Engine clos'd,
A wretched *Sylph* too fondly interpos'd;
Fate urg'd the Sheers, and cut the *Sylph* in twain,
(*But Airy Subſtance ſoon unites again)
The meeting Points the ſacred Hair diſſever
From the fair Head, for ever and for ever!

See Milton, *lib.* 6.

Then

Then flaſh'd the living Lightnings from her Eyes,
And Screams of Horror rend th' affrighted Skies.
Not louder Shricks by Dames to Heav'n are caſt,
When Husbands or when Monkeys breath their laſt,
Or when rich *China* Veſſels, fal'n from high,
In glittring Duſt and painted Fragments lie!

Let Wreaths of Triumph now my Temples twine,
(The Victor cry'd) the glorious Prize is mine!
While Fiſh in Streams, or Birds delight in Air,
Or in a Coach and Six the *Britiſh* Fair,
As long as *Atalantis* ſhall be read,
Or the ſmall Pillow grace a Lady's Bed,
While *Viſits* ſhall be paid on ſolemn Days,
When numerous Wax-lights in bright Order blaze,
While Nymphs take Treats, or Aſſignations give,
So long my Honour, Name, and Praiſe ſhall live!

What Time wou'd ſpare, from Steel receives its [date,
And Monuments, like Men, ſubmit to Fate!

Steel

Steel did the Labour of the Gods deſtroy,
And ſtrike to Duſt th' Imperial Tow'rs of *Troy*;
Steel cou'd the Works of mortal Pride confound,
And hew Triumphal Arches to the Ground.
What Wonder then, fair Nymph! thy Hairs ſhou'd [feel
The conqu'ring Force of unreſiſted Steel?

THE

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And Screams of Horror rend th' affrighted Skies.
Not louder Shrieks by Dames to Heav'n are caſt,
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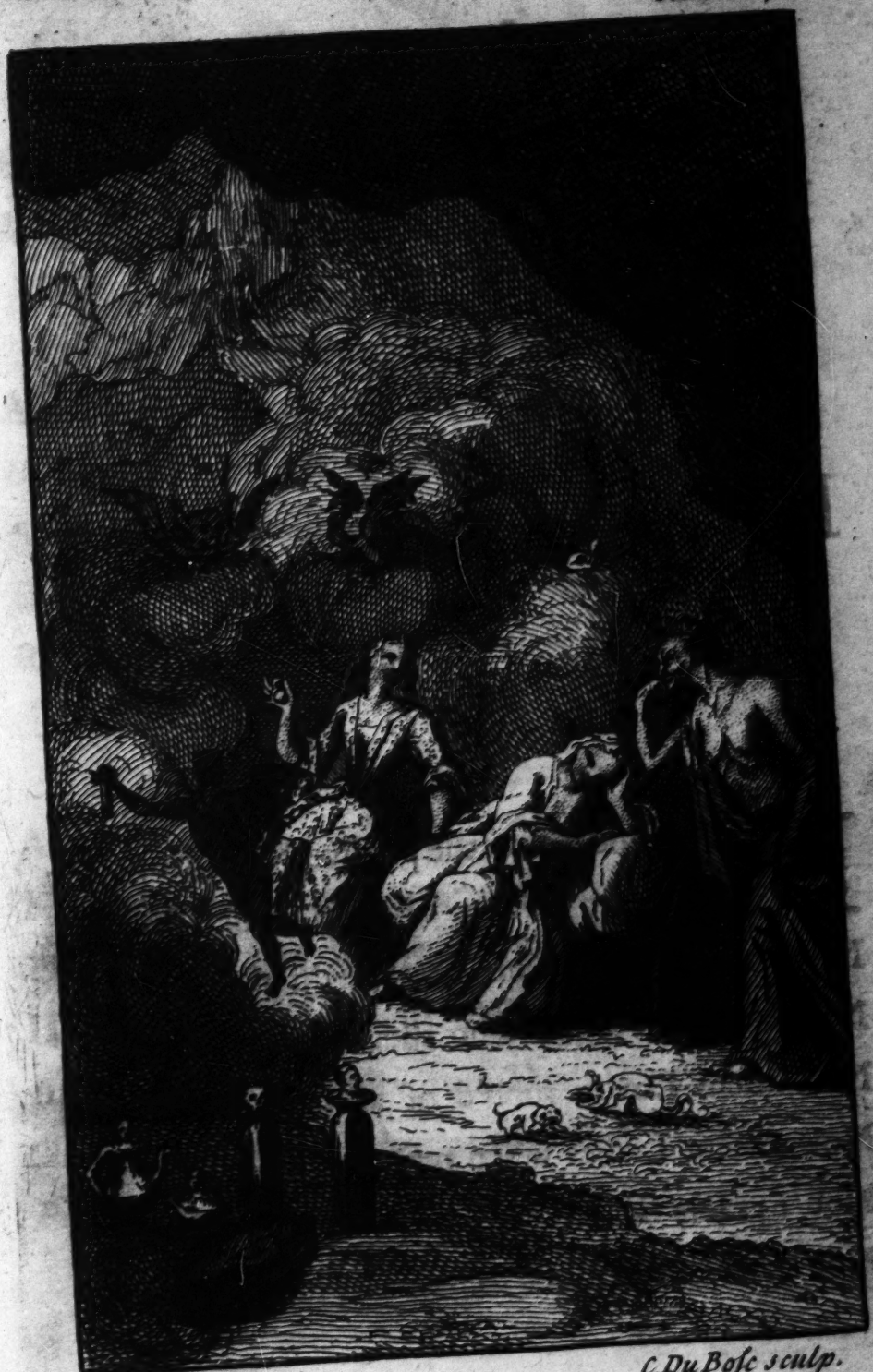
THE

THE RAPE *of the* LOCK.

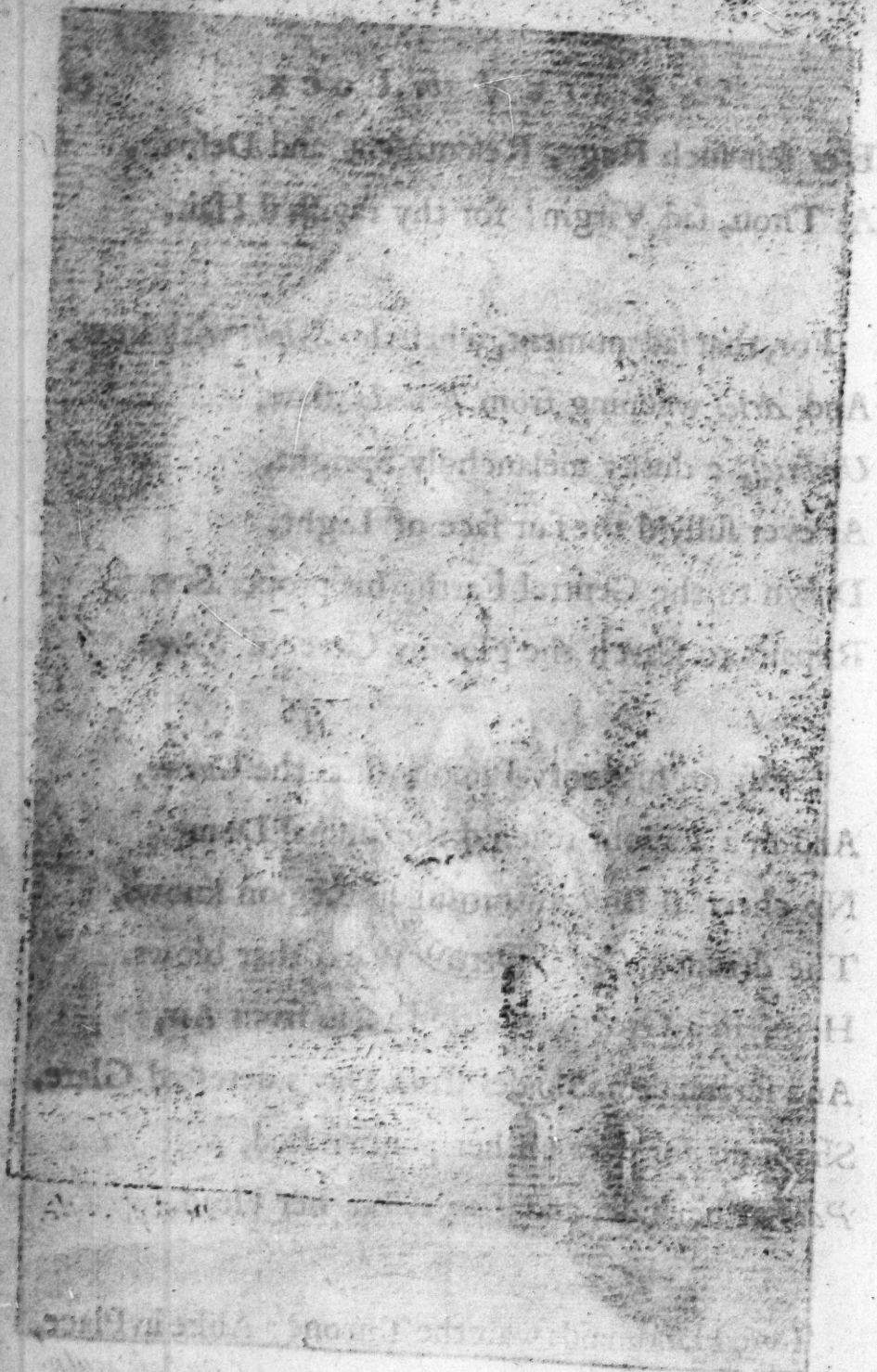
CANTO IV.

BUT anxious Cares the penſive Nymph oppreſt,
And ſecret Paſſions labour'd in her Breaſt.
Not youthful Kings in Battel ſeiz'd alive,
Not ſcornful Virgins who their Charms ſurvive,
Not ardent Lovers robb'd of all their Bliſs,
Not ancient Ladies when refus'd a Kiſs,
Not Tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not *Cynthia* when her *Manteau*'s pinn'd awry,

E'er



Lud. Du Guernier inv. C. Du Bosc sculp.



E'er felt ſuch Rage, Reſentment and Deſpair,
As Thou, ſad Virgin! for thy raviſh'd Hair.

For, that ſad moment, when the *Sylphs* withdrew,
And *Ariel* weeping from *Belinda* flew,
Umbriel, a dusky melancholy Spright,
As ever ſully'd the fair face of Light,
Down to the Central Earth, his proper Scene,
Repairs to ſearch the gloomy Cave of *Spleen*.

Swift on his ſooty Pinions flitts the *Gnome*,
And in a Vapour reach'd the diſmal Dome.
No cheerful Breeze this ſullen Region knows,
The dreaded *Eaſt* is all the Wind that blows.
Here, in a Grotto, ſheltred cloſe from Air,
And ſcreen'd in Shades from Day's deteſted Glare,
She ſighs for ever on her penſive Bed,
Pain at her ſide, and *Languor* at her Head.

Two Handmaids wait the Throne: Alike in Place,
But diff'ring far in Figure and in Face.

Here ſtood *Ill-nature* like an *ancient Maid*,
Her wrinkled Form in *Black* and *White* array'd;
With ſtore of Pray'rs, for Mornings, Nights, and [Noons.
Her Hand is fill'd; her Boſom with Lampoons.

There *Affectation* with a ſickly Mien
Shows in her Cheek the Roſes of Eighteen,
Practis'd to Liſp, and hang the Head aſide,
Faints into Airs, and languiſhes with Pride;
On the rich Quilt ſinks with becoming Woe,
Wrapt in a Gown, for Sickneſs, and for Show.
The Fair ones feel ſuch Maladies as theſe,
When each new Night-Dreſs gives a new Diſeaſe.

A conſtant *Vapour* o'er the Palace flies;
Strange Phantoms riſing as the Miſts ariſe;
Dreadful, as Hermit's Dreams in haunted Shades,
Or bright as Viſions of expiring Maids.
Now glaring Fiends, and Snakes on rolling Spires,
Pale Spectres, gaping Tombs, and Purple Fires:

Now

Now Lakes of liquid Gold, *Elyſian* Scenes,
And Cryſtal Domes, and Angels in Machines.

Unnumber'd Throngs on ev'ry ſide are ſeen
Of Bodies chang'd to various Forms by *Spleen*.
Here living *Teapots* ſtand, one Arm held out,
One bent; the Handle this, and that the Spout:
A Pipkin there like *Homer*'s *Tripod* walks;
Here ſighs a Jar, and there a Gooſe-pye talks;
Men prove with Child, as pow'rful Fancy works,
And Maids turn'd Bottels, call aloud for Corks.

Safe paſt the *Gnome* thro' this fantaſtick Band,
A Branch of healing *Spleenwort* in his hand.
Then thus addreſt the Pow'r—Hail wayward Queen;
Who rule the Sex to Fifty from Fifteen,
Parent of Vapors and of Female Wit,
Who give th' *Hyſteric* or *Poetic* Fit,
On various Tempers act by various ways,
Make ſome take Phyſick, others ſcribble Plays;

Who cauſe the Proud their Viſits to delay,
And ſend the Godly in a Pett, to pray.
A Nymph there is, that all thy Pow'r diſdains,
And thouſands more in equal Mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy *Gnome* could ſpoil a Grace,
Or raiſe a Pimple on a beauteous Face,
Like Citron-Waters Matron's Checks inflame,
Or change Complexions at a loſing Game;
If e'er with airy Horns I planted Heads,
Or rumpled Petticoats, or tumbled Beds,
Or caus'd Suſpicion when no Soul was rude,
Or diſcompos'd the Head-dreſs of a Prude,
Or e'er to coſtive Lap-Dog gave Diſeaſe,
Which not the Tears of brighteſt Eyes could eaſe:
Hear me, and touch *Belinda* with Chagrin;
That ſingle Act gives half the World the Spleen.

The Goddeſs with a diſcontented Air
Seems to reject him, tho' ſhe grants his Pray'r.

A wondrous Bag with both her Hands ſhe binds,
Like that where once *Ulyſſes* held the Winds;
There ſhe collects the Force of Female Lungs,
Sighs, Sobs, and Paſſions, and the War of Tongues.
A Vial next ſhe fills with fainting Fears,
Soft Sorrows, melting Griefs, and flowing Tears.
The *Gnome* rejoicing bears her Gift away,
Spreads his black Wings, and ſlowly mounts to Day.

Sunk in *Thaleſtris'* Arms the Nymph he found,
Her Eyes dejected and her Hair unbound.
Full o'er their Heads the ſwelling Bag he rent,
And all the Furies iſſued at the Vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal Ire,
And fierce *Thaleſtris* fans the riſing Fire.
O wretched Maid! ſhe ſpread her hands, and cry'd,
(While *Hampton*'s Ecchos, wretched Maid reply'd)
Was it for this you took ſuch conſtant Care
The *Bodkin*, *Comb*, and *Eſſence* to prepare;

For this your Locks in Paper-Durance bound,
For this with tort'ring Irons wreath'd around?
For this with Fillets ſtrain'd your tender Head,
And bravely bore the double Loads of Lead?
Gods! ſhall the Raviſher diſplay your Hair,
While the Fops envy, and the Ladies ſtare!
Honour forbid! at whoſe unrival'd Shrine
Eaſe, Pleaſure, Virtue, All, our Sex reſign.
Methinks already I your Tears ſurvey,
Already hear the horrid things they ſay,
Already ſee you a degraded Toaſt,
And all your Honour in a Whiſper loſt!
How ſhall I, then, your helpleſs Fame defend?
'Twill then be Infamy to ſeem your Friend!
And ſhall this Prize, th' ineſtimable Prize,
Expos'd thro' Cryſtal to the gazing Eyes,
And heighten'd by the Diamond's circling Rays,
On that Rapacious Hand for ever blaze?
Sooner ſhall Graſs in *Hide*-Park *Circus* grow,
And Wits take Lodgings in the Sound of *Bow*;

Sooner

Sooner let Earth, Air, Sea, to *Chaos* fall,
Men, Monkies, Lap-dogs, Parrots, periſh all!

She ſaid; then raging to *Sir Plume* repairs,
And bids her *Beau* demand the precious Hairs:
(*Sir Plume*, of *Amber Snuff-box* juſtly vain,
And the nice Conduct of a *clouded Cane*)
With earneſt Eyes, and round unthinking Face,
He firſt the Snuff-box open'd, then the Caſe,
And thus broke out--- "My Lord, why, what the [Devil?
"Z---ds! damn the Lock! 'fore Gad, you muſt be [civil!
"Plague on't! 'tis paſt a Jeſt---nay prithee, Pox!
"Give her the Hair---he ſpoke, and rapp'd his Box.

It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again)
Who ſpeaks ſo well ſhou'd ever ſpeak in vain.
But * by this Lock, this ſacred Lock I ſwear.
(Which never more ſhall join its parted Hair,

* *In alluſion to* Achilles's Oath *in* Homer. *Il.* 1.

Which never more its Honours ſhall renew,
Clipt from the lovely Head where once it grew)
That while my Noſtrils draw the vital Air,
This Hand, which won it, ſhall for ever wear.
He ſpoke, and ſpeaking in proud Triumph ſpread
The long-contended Honours of her Head.

But *Umbriel*, hateful *Gnome*! forbears not ſo;
He breaks the Vial whence the Sorrows flow.
Then ſee! the *Nymph* in beauteous Grief appears,
Her Eyes half languiſhing, half drown'd in Tears;
On her heav'd Boſom hung her drooping Head,
Which, with a Sigh, ſhe rais'd; and thus ſhe ſaid.

For ever curs'd be this deteſted Day,
Which ſnatch'd my beſt, my fav'rite Curl away!
Happy! ah ten times happy, had I been,
If *Hampton-Court* theſe Eyes had never ſeen!
Yet am not I the firſt miſtaken Maid,
By Love of *Courts* to num'rous Ills betray'd.

Oh

Oh had I rather un-admir'd remain'd
In ſome lone Iſle, or diſtant *Northern* Land;
Where the gilt *Chariot* never mark'd the way,
Where none learn *Ombre*, none e'er taſte *Bohea*!
There kept my Charms conceal'd from mortal Eye,
Like Roſes that in Deſarts bloom and die.
What mov'd my Mind with youthful Lords to rome?
O had I ſtay'd, and ſaid my Pray'rs at home!
'Twas this, the Morning *Omens* did foretel;
Thrice from my trembling hand the *Patch-box* fell;
The tott'ring *China* ſhook without a Wind,
Nay, *Poll* ſate mute, and *Shock* was moſt Unkind!
A *Sylph* too warn'd me of the Threats of Fate,
In myſtic Viſions, now believ'd too late!
See the poor Remnants of this ſlighted Hair!
My hands ſhall rend what ev'n thy own did ſpare.
This, in two ſable Ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new Beauties to the ſnowie Neck.
The Siſter-Lock now ſits uncouth, alone,
And in its Fellow's Fate foreſees its own;

Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal Sheers demands;
And tempts once more thy ſacrilegious Hands.
Oh hadſt thou, Cruel! been content to ſeize
Hairs leſs in ſight, or any Hairs but theſe!

THE

Lud. Du Guernier inv. C. Du Bosc sculp.

THE RAPE *of the* LOCK.

CANTO V.

SHE said: the pitying Audience melt in Tears,
But *Fate* and *Jove* had ſtopp'd the *Baron*'s Ears.
In vain *Thaleſtris* with Reproach aſſails,
For who can move when fair *Belinda* fails?
Not half ſo fixt the *Trojan* cou'd remain,
While *Anna* begg'd and *Dido* rag'd in vain.
To Arms, to Arms! the bold *Thaleſtris* cries,
And ſwift as Lightning to the Combate flies.

All

All ſide in Parties, and begin th' Attack;
Fans clap, Silks ruſsle, and tough Whalebones crack;
Heroes and Heroins Shouts confus'dly riſe,
And baſe, and treble Voices ſtrike the Skies.
No common Weapons in their Hands are found,
Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal Wound.

* So when bold *Homer* makes the Gods engage,
And heav'nly Breaſts with human Paſſions rage;
'Gainſt *Pallas*, *Mars*; *Latona*, *Hermes*, Arms;
And all *Olympus* rings with loud Alarms.
Jove's Thunder roars, Heav'n trembles all around;
Blue *Neptune* ſtorms, the bellowing Deeps reſound;
Earth ſhakes her nodding Tow'rs, the Ground [gives way;
And the pale Ghoſts ſtart at the Flaſh of Day!

Triumphant *Umbriel* on a Sconce's Height
Clapt his glad Wings, and ſate to view the Fight,
Propt on their Bodkin Spears the Sprights ſurvey
The growing Combat, or aſſiſt the Fray.

* Homer. *Il.* 20.

While thro' the Preſs enrag'd *Thalestris* flies,
And ſcatters Deaths around from both her Eyes,
A *Beau* and *Witling* periſh'd in the Throng,
One dy'd in *Metaphor*, and one in *Song*.
O cruel Nymph! a living Death I bear,
Cry'd *Dapperwit*, and ſunk beſide his Chair.
A mournful Glance Sir *Fopling* upwards caſt,
* *Thoſe Eyes are made ſo killing* — was his laſt:
Thus on *Meander*'s flow'ry Margin lies
Th' expiring Swan, and as he ſings he dies.

As bold Sir *Plume* had drawn *Clariſſa* down,
Chloe ſtept in, and kill'd him with a Frown;
She ſmil'd to ſee the doughty Hero ſlain,
But at her Smile, the Beau reviv'd again.

† Now *Jove* ſuſpends his golden Scales in Air,
Weighs the Mens Wits againſt the Lady's Hair;
The

* *A Song in the Opera of* Camilla.

† *Vid.* Homer *Il.* 22. *&* Virg. *Æn.* 12.

The doubtful Beam long nods from ſide to ſide;
At length the Wits mount up, the Hairs ſubſide.

See fierce *Belinda* on the *Baron* flies,
With more than uſual Lightning in her Eyes;
Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal Fight to try,
Who ſought no more than on his Foe to die.
But this bold Lord, with manly Strength indu'd,
She with one Finger and a Thumb ſubdu'd:
Juſt where the Breath of Life his Noſtrils drew,
A Charge of *Snuff* the wily Virgin threw;
The *Gnomes* direct, to ev'ry Atome juſt,
The pungent Grains of titillating Duſt.
Sudden, with ſtarting Tears each Eye o'erflows,
And the high Dome re-ecchoes to his Noſe.

Now meet thy Fate, th' incens'd Virago cry'd,
And drew a deadly *Bodkin* from her Side.
(* The ſame, his ancient Perſonage to deck,
Her great great Grandſire wore about his Neck

* *In Imitation of the Progreſs of* Agamemnon's *Scepter in* Homer, *Il.* 2.

In three *Seal-Rings*; which after melted down,
Form'd a vaſt *Buckle* for his Widow's Gown:
Her infant Grandame's *Whiſtle* next it grew,
The *Bells* ſhe gingled, and the *Whiſtle* blew;
Then in a *Bodkin* grac'd her Mother's Hairs,
Which long ſhe wore, and now *Belinda* wears.)

Boaſt not my Fall (he cry'd) inſulting Foe!
Thou by ſome other ſhalt be laid as low.
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty Mind;
All that I dread, is leaving you behind!
Rather than ſo, ah let me ſtill ſurvive,
And burn in *Cupid*'s Flames,—— but burn alive.

Reſtore the Lock! ſhe cries; and all around
Reſtore the Lock! the vaulted Roofs rebound.
Not fierce *Othello* in ſo loud a Strain
Roar'd for the Handkerchief that caus'd his Pain.
But ſee how oft Ambitious Aims are croſs'd,
And Chiefs contend 'till all the Prize is loſt!

The

The Lock, obtain'd with Guilt, and kept with Pain,
In ev'ry place is ſought, but ſought in vain:
With ſuch a Prize no Mortal muſt be bleſt,
So Heav'n decrees! with Heav'n who can conteſt?

Some thought it mounted to the Lunar Sphere,
* Since all things loſt on Earth, are treaſur'd there.
There Heroe's Wits are kept in pondrous Vaſes,
And Beau's in *Snuff-boxes* and *Tweezer-Caſes*.
There broken Vows, and Death-bed Alms are found,
And Lovers Hearts with Ends of Riband bound;
The Courtiers Promiſes, and Sick Man's Pray'rs,
The Smiles of Harlots, and the Tears of Heirs,
Cages for Gnats, and Chains to Yoak a Flea;
Dry'd Butterflies, and Tomes of Caſuiſtry.

But truſt the Muſe——ſhe ſaw it upward riſe,
Tho' mark'd by none but quick Poetic Eyes:
(So *Rome*'s great Founder to the Heav'ns withdrew,
To *Proculus* alone confeſs'd in view.)

* *Vid.* Arioſto. Canto 34.

A ſudden Star, it ſhot thro' liquid Air,
And drew behind a radiant *Trail of Hair.*
Not *Berenice*'s Locks firſt roſe ſo bright,
The Skies beſpangling with diſhevel'd Light.
The *Sylphs* behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd purſue its Progreſs thro' the Skies.

This the *Beau-monde* ſhall from the *Mall* ſurvey,
And hail with Muſick its propitious Ray.
This, the bleſt Lover ſhall for *Venus* take,
And ſend up Vows from *Roſamonda*'s Lake.
This *Partridge* ſoon ſhall view in cloudleſs Skies,
When next he looks thro' *Galilæo*'s Eyes;
And hence th' Egregious Wizard ſhall foredoom
The Fate of *Louis*, and the Fall of *Rome*.

[Hair
Then ceaſe, bright Nymph! to mourn the raviſh'd
Which adds new Glory to the ſhining Sphere!
Not all the Treſſes that fair Head can boaſt
Shall draw ſuch Envy as the Lock you loſt.

For,

For, after all the Murders of your Eye,
When, after Millions ſlain, your ſelf ſhall die;
When thoſe fair Suns ſhall ſett, as ſett they muſt,
And all thoſe Treſſes ſhall be laid in Duſt;
This Lock, the Muſe ſhall conſecrate to Fame,
And mid'ſt the Stars inſcribe *Belinda*'s Name!

FINIS.